

little yellow envelope. they always paid in cash like that.

in the bar I opened the little yellow envelope: there were two fives, three ones, three quarters and three pennies.

"shit!" said Marie, "you're rich at last! I'll have a 7 with a soda back!" "give me 2 Buds in the bottle," said Lilly the lesbian. "gimme a draft beer," said the frog-man. "give me a ten and water," I said.

but the drinks came back as they always do in good places.

about 10:45 a.m. Tommy walked in for a pack of cigarettes. 16 is pretty young to be buying smokes. he saw me in the mirror. I got to Tommy before he got to the door. I held him by the arm and looked at him. "I didn't tell anybody," he said, "honest, I didn't tell anybody!" I let go of his arm and he walked out.

when I sat back down Marie said, "molesting young boys now, eh?"

I told her that yes I was and wouldn't she like to come to Camden with me that night to catch the fights?

MY KIND OF PLACE

the old people here walk their dogs
and the young are on drugs:
eleven and twelve year old boys
throw footballs in the
streets.
the boys live in 2 or 3 courts
around here
with thirteen and fourteen year
old girls and
two older women
who take and push drugs
and operate a call service.
the young football players
drive the girls to their destinations
and the two older women supply them
with drugs.
none of them go to school and they all
have Brooklyn accents.
it looks strange to see these little boys
driving automobiles while
taking the little girls to their call-
in addresses.
and the old people walk their dogs
and almost all the other people
are on relief or ATD

and the black pimps wear broadbrims
and I'm known in the neighborhood
nobody bothers me
and I like the taco stand on the corner
and the newsboy on the corner
who looks like Peter Falk.
I can see the "Hollywood" sign
on the mountain
and I walk the streets in the
late afternoons
dressed in bluejeans and a
black t-shirt.
it's warm and easy and there's
not much to do.
the black whores take up most
of the tables at the STAR BURGER
and I walk past ZODY'S
carrying a 6 inch
switchblade in my
pocket.

THE IMAGE

he sits in the chair across from me,
"you look healthy," he says in a voice that is
almost discouraged.

"3 bottles of white German wine each night,"
I tell him.

"are you going to let people know?" he
asks. he walks to the refrigerator and opens
the door: "all these vitamins...."

"thiamine-hcl," I say, "b-2, choline, b-6, folic
acid, zinc, e, b-12, niacin, calcium, magnesium,
a-e complex, paba ... and 3 bottles of white
German wine each night"

"what's this stuff in the jars on the sink?" he
asks.

"herbs," I tell him, "golden seal, sweet basil,
alfalfa, mint, mu, lemon grass, rose hips, papaya,
gotu cola, clover, comfrey, fennugreek, sassafras
and chamoline ... and I drink spring water, mineral
water and 3 bottles of German white wine"

"are you going to let people know?"
he asks.

"know what?" I ask. "I eat nothing that walks on
4 legs and I'm not a cannibal and kangaroos and
monkeys are out"